

The Frances Shimer Record

April, 1925



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor or executors to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefore, within months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, Dean and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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NEW LIBRARY BUILDING

The Trustees voted on April 16 to erect a Library building west of Metcalf Hall this coming summer. We expect to print a picture of the proposed building in the next issue of the "Record."

LITERARY

A decorative border of various books, some open and some closed, surrounds the central text area. The books are drawn in a simple, line-art style, with some showing titles or illustrations on their covers.

An Impression

Night,
Dark and black,
Inky black,
Jet,
Rolling billows on a sombre sea of
chaos.
Empty space,
Like a great black something.
Lights gleam and flicker
Twinkle,
Wink at one another through the
trees,
Then move on,
Away.
It is impetuous,
Eager.
Why?
Where are they going,
Those hundreds of souls it is carry-
ing?
Only a train moving through space.

Annette Huntley, Academy '25.

My Garden

In my garden the sun is shining,
 Showering brilliant shafts of light over everything.
 In one corner the golden jonquills and crimson crocuses
 Standing above the oozy black earth,
 Are conversing about a new arrival in their midst,
 The hyacinth, in her spring garb of
 Hazy, mellow lavender.
 In a few weeks, perhaps, the virgin of blooms will appear,
 The Easter Lily, her tall slender body clothed in striking green,
 Topped by a diadem of divine purity.
 But perhaps it will freeze again,
 And the lovely flower ladies will die.
 Then my garden will be gray, cold, and dull,
 Like my heart.

Martha Barnhart, Academy '25.

Waves

From out the boundless depths of space
 Rush on, oh waves, for evermore,
 Until you reach your goal, the shore,
 Then with your spray, the rocks embrace
 And footprints on the sand efface.
 Today again, as oft before,
 I hear your voice, an endless roar,
 Which brings to me, as on I pace
 Along the beach, the thought,
 That though some day against my will,
 Fate leads me far away,
 I'll always know that naught
 The music of your voice can still,
 Not even for a day.

Mary Todd, Academy '25.

A Meditation

I trail my fingers over the keys,
 In half forgotten rhapsodies,
 And I dream of beauty, and peace and rest,
 And life, and love, and happiness.

I strike the chords of a warlike strain,
 And I think of thunder, and lightning, and rain;
 I see before me Gods of old,
 With blood-tipped lance and manner bold.

But when I turn from the keys, at last,
 And from shadows into light have passed,
 I sigh and frown, and then I smile,
 For faith is with me all the while.

Joy of the world has come to me
And in my hands I hold the key
To God's own great sublimity,
Faith, and hope, and charity.

Thus I play and dream, and smile and sigh,
While in the dusk my world goes by.

Edrice Greene, Academy '26.

A Something ---

There's something, queer, indefinite,
That sometimes wakes with me,
And sometimes bids me dance and sing
All through a day of glee.

It makes me throw my shoulders back
And hold my head so high,
Love everyone and everything;
How happy then am I!

I believe it dwells beneath my cheek,
It's something warm and gay,
It makes me want to do my bit
To help Life on its way.

It's not the fever of the Spring,
It's mine 'mid winter snows,
And oft on fine Spring days it's gone;
I wonder where it goes.

And oft I wonder whence it comes,
And why it comes to me,
And why it thrills my heart with joy;
Oh, what, what can it be?

Harriet Deutsch, Academy '25.

A Railroad Track

Railroad tracks have always been most interesting to me. As a child, I was greatly attracted to them, but it was probably because I had been warned by my father not to go near them, that I had such a strong desire to do so. Nevertheless, there was no place I would rather have gone than to the forbidden railroad track.

I know it seems strange that any one should care for such an undignified commonplace thing. But when I say railroad track, I do not mean the kind that one sees in the city within the limits of immense smoky yards; I mean a single shining track, bordered on either side by strips of bright yellow sand; a track that extends far into sunny fields through clumps of shady woods over gleaming white bridges, which cross bubbling streams.

Many are the tramps that I have taken along this track. When only a child ten or eleven years of age, my sister, the little girl "next-door", and I would take a lunch and start for a tramp. We always told our mothers that we were going, but never mentioned in just what direction, although we knew all the time that it would be along along this railroad track.

We preferred this route because there were pretty flowers along the way. In the spring there were violets and butter-cups; in the summer there were wild sweet peas and snap dragons; and in the fall there were daisies and golden-rod.

Then too, it was a very secluded place. One did not meet any wayfarers there as on a dusty public highway. It was possible to tramp for miles, never meeting a person. This deep solitude was delightful. As we walked along, chatting, we thought of strange things. We wondered where the seemingly endless track led, and our childish fancies pictured fairy cities and mysterious unknown lands.

Often as we dreamed, we were interrupted by the faint whistle of a train in the distance. We scampered off the track up to a high bank to wait with eagerness the approach of the huge puffing monster. We stood there with handkerchiefs ready to wave at the passengers as they were whirled past us. We wondered where they were going, what kind of people they were, and if there were any that we knew or ever should know.

As I grow older, I still enjoy a walk along the railroad track, but I enjoy it in a different way. I appreciate the greatness of railroads, for I realize the labor, the time, and the money that it has taken to build them; I know how much railroads have meant to the commercial world; and how they have been instrumental in the progress of our country.

Violet Speelman, College '23.

Red Hair

Four below zero—and our mail box a good half-mile down the rough lane from our house. But father's stern commands or mother's entreaties could not dissuade me from tramping to the box, for I had a secret motive.

The mail which I was expecting might be the means of breaking the shackles which bound me to the drudgery of farm work. A week before I had seen an advertisement in a farm paper—inviting young men to learn the "Art of Selling Patent Medicine", in ten lessons. Several testimonials were included which asserted a graduate of this institute was now averaging two hundred dollars and many were earning more. You may be sure I took advantage of this opportunity and sent for their illustrated booklet.

This advertisement struck my fancy, as I had that very day attended a demonstration of Jones' Corn Cure. The salesman was a person to thrill the soul of any eighteen-year-old boy—a deep bass voice, a diamond stud, and a fur lined overcoat. But to crown all this he had red hair. I have neglected to give an account of my physical deformities—the first and most glaring was fiery red unruly hair, the second, small green eyes, and the third, freckles. All my life I had been bribed to eat crusts by the promise of their turning my hair black. The boys had made me a butt for

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their jokes, and the girls had teased. I was discouraged at ever making anything of myself while under the handicap of red hair. Who ever heard of a red-headed Lincoln, Gladstone, or Keats? Of course Tim Murphy had become a prize fighter, but my ambition was higher than to star in the ring.

My hands trembled as I brushed the snow from the hood of the box and groped for the long envelope which contained the coveted catalogue.

Back in my room, having successfully evaded the family with their nightly cross-word puzzle, I tore open the envelope. A lavish booklet explained in detail a simple course of ten lessons, an examination, and finally the coveted diploma. The entire cost was ten dollars. Providence was good! My savings from trapping amounted to just that much. The next day after much pondering I decided to take the course and become a full-fledged salesman.

Two weeks later the first lesson came. Alone in my room I devoured every word in it. According to Mr. Severn, the instructor, no special line of talk was necessary, but the same one, with variations, could be used to sell anything from "Over Nite Hair Gro" to "Pearson's Hog Remedy". I memorized this "skeleton selling talk" and resolved to practice alone in the woods some mild day. Under suggestions for practice it read, "Go to the barn, imagine the livestock an audience, try to sell them your remedies."

A day after the arrival of the second lesson my father was injured, and forced to take a rest cure. Arrangements were made for Si Berg to come and help me with the farm work. Si was tall, with the rangy height, typical of the Scandinavians, a good worker when sober, but more frequently to be found at Jake's place in an alcoholic stupor.

Every morning while Si was feeding the stock I, with my lesson, would practice in the barn. One morning I began on the tenth lesson, a review—"Gentleman," I boomed, "I have here in my hand a medicine which might be God's own handiwork, if it did not have the label of Levy and Sons on it. So marvelous is its power that any one may take it and be benefited. Give it to your children or horses——." Suddenly I turned and there was Si, grinning from ear to ear, looking like the proverbial Cheshire cat. My heart sank like a stone, my knees shook and I was hot and cold by turns. "Si," faltered, "I am learning to be a patent medicine salesman. Promise to keep mum about it."

This statement met with a loud guffaw from Si. Wishing to pacify him I launched into a long discussion of the merits of a correspondence school. Late in the same afternoon I came upon Si snoring in the hay mow; my secret was safe, so I thought, as all he knew would be forgotten in the unconsciousness of a drunken stupor.

A few weeks later my first supply of medicine came, and the next few days were spent in feverishly advertising that I would sell it in the Square on Wednesday afternoon.

The fateful day arrived. The Square in front of the platform was crowded. No one could say Spring Valley was not loyal to its native son! In some manner I reached the platform, though my legs were shaking

so that it was an almost impossible feat. A sea of faces swam before me and feminine giggles seemed to come from all corners. Taking a bottle in my hand I began, "Ladies and Gentlemen, this bottle which might be——." I could get no further. My mouth was dry and my tongue paralyzed, for who was standing in front of me but Si Berg himself. One glance and I knew he had been drinking something besides city water. He lurched toward me and opened wide his mouth—

"Rootetee Toot, Rootetee Toot, I am the guy from the Institute Rah—Yeh! Correspondence School."

For a second the crowd was silent; then with the dawn of understanding they took up the yell amid roars of laughter.

I was hot and cold at the same time. With a leap I was off the platform, speeding down the road towards home. No one followed me, and soon I slowed down to a walk.

At the entrance to our farm I espied the mail box and reaching in, I pulled out a familiar envelope, which was a return to "Severen Institute of Selling". I knew it contained my diploma as a graduate of that school. With a sudden determination I tore the envelope to shreds and scattered the fragments to the winds. The specter was in pursuit of me, I was still "Van Vetchen's red-headed kid", and not the salesman of my dreams.

Gene Harrison, College '26.

The Age of "The Cloister and the Hearth"

As the mist around me gradually cleared, I saw distinctly the scene depicted before me. A deep voice said gruffly, "There is the cloister. It is to the monastery what a Spanish patio is to a Spanish house. All of the buildings are built around it, and it plays a large part in the life of the monks and priests who live here."

"Monasteries. Are there monasteries in America?"

"This is Europe in the eleventh century."

As the voice spoke these words, the cloister faded. The haze around me darkened; when I could see plainly again, I was in a small square room with a large hearth on one side. The hearth was of tile; charcoal pictures were drawn on the lighter colored tiles. The fire was not lighted and the little boy crouching by it was illuminating the room with candle ends.

"It is eight o'clock," said my guide in a disapproving voice. Many a time does this boy keep awake the neighbors at the unreasonable hour of eight o'clock in the evening. All honest folk are abed before six and have their fires covered. Gerard's parents humor him; for they hope he will be a monk or even a historiographer. Notice that he uses candle ends only. Poor people cannot afford candles often. They light torches smeared with pitch."

Before I could offer comment on this speech, we were whisked away. The next scene I beheld was in a church. The cure was reading the banns.

"The banns of marriage have to be read three times. They may be read on a week-day, however, and are usually read at Monday matins and at vespers the two following days. On any of these times, any one who

claims sufficient reason can forbid the marriage. There are many professional swindlers who forbid the banns, and are bribed to withdraw their objection."

"Are there often objections?"

"Often! Fathers have the power of imprisonment over their sons. If the son's approaching marriage is not to the parent's liking, the son may be imprisoned on his father's request. Gerard, the boy of whom we have spoken before, was imprisoned by his father. Let us look at his prison."

The prison, which we saw in the next scene, was a huge, iron-built structure. The room in which Gerard was found was a small room "lighted only by a narrow window with a vertical iron bar." Imprisonment evidently meant almost certain death. My guide informed me that after a few days of horror in this room, and after being sometimes fed and often left hungry, men submitted to any exaction. In these days, imprisonment implied, "unbroken solitude, torture, starvation, and often poisoned food."

"Now," said my guide, "since church work is so closely related to family life, let us go to a monastery's scriptorium."

Before the words were finished, we saw a monastery wall. We followed the long hallway to its end. On either side were paintings of scenes in the life of Christ or of the Apostles.

"The monks do much of this work," said my guide, noticing that I looked curiously at the paintings. "They call it 'penance painting'. At this point we turned into a small room apart from the rest of the cells.

"Here is the scriptorium," said my guide. "Notice the big book on the high table. It is the book of the historiographer. He is the monk who writes the Chronicles of the day. Many are the events recorded. In one there is a record of 'a battle, a red cross in the sky, a comet, and a church building.'"

I opened the book. The writing was as close and exact as printing. Around the edges of each page were paintings perfectly formed in detail. "The monks illuminate every manuscript with paintings. In every monastery there is a man who is employed for this purpose alone. Paints are very costly, even beyond the reach of most men."

"How do the monks obtain paints, if such is the case?"

"Each year the Duke gives a prize to the best drawing or painting. The highest awards are money. The minor awards are paints. The artist who receives the money usually buys more paints with it. He who wins the prize is generally elected manuscript "illuminator" the following year. Of course, besides this annual prize, there are patrons of art who give their proteges the paints. Such a patron was Margaret Van Eyck. She was one of Gerard's best friends. Many times these art patrons give impressive banquets in honor of some painter. Let us see one of these banquets."

When the usual haze had cleared, I saw a large oblong room. In the center was a banquet table fairly "groaning with food".

"This is a typical feudal castle, and a typical castle banquet. See the varieties of dishes in each course. There are fourteen kinds of soups, and twelve forms of fish for each course. The greatest delicacy of the evening is a wild boar. See the duke's 'cuisiner' has restored the bristles and hair of nature. Besides the tusks being left in, two eyes of colored sugar make him seem real. Look at Margaret Brandt start! Margaret came with Gerard, and in this day a woman who cannot turn pale or go into a fainting sickness at slightest pretext is not considered a dainty lady."

"Is every one welcome to this banquet?"

"Oh, no! If we were outside, we could see a major-domo guarding the entrance. No one can be admitted without a written permit. Obtaining audience is one of the hardest tasks of the vassal."

"Is there no middle class? Are all the people lords and vassals?"

"No, but the middle class is not especially important. If you wish, we shall visit a room where a physician is treating Gerard."

As I expressed my desire to do so, I found myself in the room. Gerard was lying on the bed, weak from a wound caused by the bite of a bear. A man, dressed in a long, gray, fur-trimmed robe, a stiff ruff, bright hose, and pointed shoes, entered. It was the doctor. Behind him pattered a boy carrying a basket filled with surgical tools. When he spoke, his voice had a professional suavity. If he had half as much of practical knowledge as he had of the useless theory which he expounded, he would have been classed as one of the great doctors of history. Blood letting seemed to be his infallible remedy. My guide informed me that the universal belief was that in letting out the blood the demons of disease were ejected, and pure blood brought strength back again."

"Leeches are another popular remedy," added my guide. "Notice the long knife the doctor carries. That is for the purpose of bleeding. Every good physician has one especially made."

"Well," I said after I had shivered at the sight of the knife, "are there any other important professions?"

My guide smiled satirically.

"I suppose the shoe-shop merchant, I shall show you, might be called a professional man. Look!"

I looked. The shop was a low-cellinged building. The merchant was asleep in a chair near the door.

"These men keep a shop as a dog keeps a kennel. They are lazy, worthless men who keep a shoe-shop as the easiest method of earning a living. Notice the ladies' slippers with their brilliant colors and high heels. If you look at the women who try shoes on, you will see that they wear no stockings. Hose are not in style."

While I was wondering about this strange style, the scene changed again. In a thick forest, we saw about twenty men dressed in green capes suggestive of the time of Robin Hood.

"These are professional bandits," explained my guide. "There are many of these bandits in Holland as well as in England. They are especially numerous on the borders of the different countries. The spirit

of adventure, prevalent in this age, leads to reckless banditry."

After I had finished admiring the green suits, my guide whisked me to another scene. From a big, lighted buliding came sounds of revelry.

"That is an inn," explained my guide; "in Holland inns are distinguished by a coat of arms as they are not here in Germany. Let us look through the window."

Upon investigating, we found the room was large but the ceiling was low. In the center there was a huge, "ceiling-high, clay oven" around which wet clothes were drying. The whole room was dirty and rank with various odors.

"Are all inns like this one?" I asked in disgust.

German inns are similar, but in Holland the inns are clean and well-kept. This inn, however, is a good example of continental English inns. Monasteries are far more common as inns. The monks keep travelers for charity's sake. The monasteries have separate guest chambers for the lodgers. Besides, the atmosphere is far more wholesome.

I noticed a large forest near the monastery.

"The forest laws of this time were very strict, were they not?" I asked.

"Yes. Let me tell you a story to illustrate this fact. In Reade's 'The Cloister and the Hearth', a story is told concerning Gerard and the forest laws. Gerard was to take dinner at Margaret's home. Margaret having no meat in the house, persuaded Martin, an old friend, to go into the forest in search of meat. As the forest was under the king's laws, Martin was with difficulty persuaded to go. You know that any one except the king or his knights is forbidden to hunt in the forest. Martin, having killed a deer, was very much frightened. When the king's leopard came upon him, Martin also seriously wounded the leopard. Harming the king's leopard is an offense punishable by death. Martin was saved from death only by a clever device of Margaret."

"The feudal, family, forest, and church laws were all strict in this age, were they not?"

"Yes, the laws were so strict that they hindered progress. Feudal laws so restricted progress that national progress was impossible."

The last words of my guide seemed to echo in my ears as I suddenly awoke. I was not in Europe! I was in my own comfortable arm chair before the glowing fire. Reade's "The Cloister and the Hearth" was lying open before me.

Sara, my cousin, glanced at the title.

"Is the book interesting?" she asked.

"I like it," I answered. "You know it is one of the greatest historical novels ever written."

"Indeed! Why is it ranked so highly?"

"Well, you know an historical novel is a novel that portrays an historical period correctly. 'The Cloister and the Hearth' errs in very few details. A picture of family life in the eleventh century is very accurately painted. The work of the monks in the monasteries is very ac-

described. Laws are interpreted from the standpoint of the common people. The professions of the age are described and made clearer by specific human examples."

"But how can you be sure that all these pictures are accurate ones?"

"Because certain historians agree that these pictures are correct. I can refer you to the histories of Coman, Kendall, Cheyney, Bateson, Syne, and various others. You know that when authorities agree in accepting points, these points are correct."

"You seem to think strongly on the subject," remarked Sara.

"I do," I replied; "when a book has managed to be as correct and as interesting as this one, I like it. By the way I read an article the other day about 'The Cloister and the Hearth'. I shall read you a 'snatch' of it. 'Considering the natural prejudice of a man of the Victorian period, the 'Cloister and the Hearth' is an excellent historical novel, and may be classed as among the best written.' "

"The article does seem to prove your point," admitted Sara; "perhaps I shall read the book some day."

"From my own experience," I replied sincerely, "I should say that such an effort would be very profitable."

Zola Helen Girdey, College '28.

A Word to the Wise

"Topsy Angelical Lily May White," rang out Miss Arabella's commanding voice.

"Yass, Missy Arabella, I'm comin' right off."

"Topsy, I have a story to tell you," began Miss Arabella, and Topsy knew by the low sober tones of her mistress's voice that it was a story she would much rather not hear. "It's about a little girl who saw, one day, among her mistress's sewing articles a very lovely bright thimble and she wanted it very much. So, while her mistress was out of the room *she took it*. Now Topsy, this little girl knew it was wrong to steal, and she knew the Lord would punish her if she did. Why do you think she did it? Do you think it was just because she liked to be wicked?"

"Oh no, Missy Arabella, no ma'am, why—why—I s'pose mebbe she didn't think it was stealin', Missy Arabella, mebbe why, Missy Arabella, she was jus' mos' probable thinkin' of what her missy say one day 'bout the Lord he'ps him who he'ps hisself—'n mebbe she thought 'tweren't no wrong a-tall, Miss Arabella."

Miss Arabella's mouth twitched spasmodically, and her hitherto grave eyes twinkled with amusement; nevertheless her tones were still slow and deliberate as she replied: "Well, Topsy, of course, that might be the case, and if the little girl returned the thimble at once and resolved not to help herself to things in the future, but to help herself to do things, for that is what is what the wise man meant, her mistress might be able to forgive her this once. You are a bright little girl, are you not, Topsy?"

"O yaas, ma'am," Topsy assented.

"Well then, I hope that a word to the wise is sufficient; you understand?"

"Yaas, Missy Arabella, yaas ma'am."

And she did.

Helen Myers, Academy '26.

The Lonesome Beach

It was a shame, that is all. Here he was, surrounded by laughing, joyful people. Everybody seemed to be having a good time. Little boys and girls playing in the sand, jovial old gentlemen with side whiskers and rotund waistlines that gave one the idea of satisfaction. Not Jimmie's satisfaction—the old gentleman's satisfaction. Jimmie did not envy the old gentlemen's waistlines. No, far from that. But he did envy their satisfaction. For Jimmie was alone and very lonesome. And to make it much more depressing he was, it appeared, the only lonesome person there. There would have been comfort in numbers.

It was, of course, on a seashore, and on a seashore no one should have cause to be unhappy. It was very hot. On the beach, as far as Jimmie could see in either direction were countless bright parasols with happy couples beneath them in brightly colored bathing suits. On the sands there were hundreds amusing themselves or being amused in some way. Even the waves seemed to laugh at him as they rolled up to the beach and then broke into tiny rivulets, and each in turn emitted a little gurgling chuckle.

Hang it all, he could not even drown himself in water like that. Again he glanced about him. About twenty yards down the beach a group of young people about his own age began a game of tag. As he watched them he tried to think of them as silly and foolish. He tried to, but his envy got the better of him. He ran down the beach and into the water. He struck out with swift powerful strokes, seaward. He passed scores of laughing groups that he might have joined if he had so wished. But Jimmie was lonesome and to join them would be like admitting it.

Jimmie was twenty-one and therefore very reckless. He had passed the last life line and now the open sea was before him except for a few rafts about a hundred yards apart. Jimmie kept on swimming. A feeling of impending "something" came over him. He looked up and there upon a raft about six yards from him was seated a figure, and that figure was certainly feminine. Jimmie became frantic. He half turned as an awful feeling came over him to escape. But she might look up and it would appear that he had been spying upon her and was now running off, or swimming off, rather. No that would never do. He wasn't afraid of a girl anyway. With a few irresolute strokes he reached the raft and began to pull himself up. He stopped. Her shoulders were shaking with sobs. Horrors, what could he do? A girl was bad enough, but one who was crying. Jimmie climbed up, and still the girl did not turn. He wished himself many many miles away—in China, or Mars, or some place equally remote. Jimmie was desperate. When she did turn, it was with a suddenness that almost knocked him off the raft backwards.

He was confronted by a pair of frightened blue eyes that were filled with very becoming tears, eyes that made him think of dark pools of liquid lined with gleaming jewels for pebbles. Her nose was small, turned up ever so lightly and very saucy looking, a nose that somehow did not fit in with the tears. Her mouth reminded Jimmie of cherries—very bright red cherries.

Jimmie haltingly said, "H-h-hello." At his very evident embarrassment she gathered courage and answered, "H-hello." Jimmie fidgeted. Why did she not say something? His memory, which had forsaken him, was suddenly regained and he broke into profuse and meaningless apologies. She silenced him with a wave of her small hand—a hand so small and slim that it was grace itself. Jimmie summing all his courage said, "You seem to be very sad."

"I was," she said, "I was lonesome." At last they were on a common ground. But somehow Jimmie no longer seemed lonesome.

It was not long before he decided that it was not a bad old world after all, for it does not take long for two young people, and both lonesome, to strike up a friendship. And with friendship, loneliness disappears. Soon Jimmie learned all about how she happened to be lonesome. She told a very sad story of a brother killed in the war, a dead mother, and a crippled father. Jimmie had hard work keeping back the tears.

She asked him about himself and, after her story, he could not tell her that he was rich, with more money than he knew how to handle. So instead he invented an elaborate tale of sadness and hard life. The look of pity in her eyes spurred him on to even greater fabrications. He became eloquent in his story. He told it so realistically, that he almost believed it himself.

The sun had already gone behind a bank of silvery clouds when they swam laughingly to shore. The beach was desolate now, but it seemed cheerful, nevertheless, to Jimmy. The waves still laughed, but now Jimmie laughed with them.

As they ran up the beach, they were confronted by a heavy set old gentleman with thick bushy eyebrows, who was wildly gesticulating with both arms. His hat was held in one hand while his sparse grey hair straggled in all directions.

"Peggy, you infernal young vixen, where have you been? Your mother is home half sick with worry, and I've been chasing all over the country for you."

Then his attention was turned to Jimmie, who stood staring with mouth wide open, first at the old gentleman seated in the long grey car and then at his supposed-to-be poor little girl.

"Why Jimmie Steavens," the old gentleman cried, "so it was you who ran off with my daughter. You children ought to be spanked. How's your father and how are you coming with all that fortune your uncle left you?"

But Jimmie did not hear him. He looked wonderingly at Peggy—Peggy seemed a very pretty name.

"Well," she spoke defiantly, "explain yourself."

Then with sudden understanding, they both laughed.

"But you had tears in your eyes," Jimmie said.

Yes, silly, I was lonesome; I do not know a soul here and I can't stand mother's mokey old friends. You were lonesome yourself. I know you were."

"Yes," said Jimmie, "I was lonesome, but I shall not be any more."

"Say, what are you two children whispering about? Climb in here and come home where you belong. Peggy, Mr. Lester will be here tomorrow."

"Oh, hang Mr. Lester," retorted Peggy a bit rudely.

The old gentleman chuckled.

That night Jimmie and Peggy sat in a little old-fashioned arbor in the center of a moonlit garden. The tall dark trees murmured softly in the gentle breeze that wafted the delicate scent of a hundred different flowers across the cool velvety grass to Jimmy and Peggy. The old moon, far up in the sky and gleaming over the edge of a silver cloud, cast its silver beams down upon them and smiled—smiled as it had upon countless other lovers who saw naught but themselves. For they had agreed that it would never do for them to be lonesome again. And on the morrow Mr. Lester found the beach very lonesome.

Evelyne Hylander, 'College '26.

A Night of Mystery

I half opened my eyes and peered around in the darkness. The moon was shining on the toy cat that was sitting on the window sill. It was a ghastly sight. I shuddered slightly when I saw it, and turned over.

Then I began to wonder what had made me wake up, for as a rule, I am a very sound sleeper. I tried to recall my dream and was almost asleep again when I heard the stairs creak. I listened. They creaked again, and then again. I thought, at once, that one of the girls was sneaking upstairs to "bunk", and because I was sleepy I did not wake my roommate who was the much-feared House President. I settled down to sleep once more.

However my dream was interrupted again by the groan of the outside door opening and closing on its hinges. Then I heard a man's voice. Was I dreaming? No, because the owner of the voice was climbing the stairs. Some one was with him. My imagination began to get the better of me. I thought of a fire, and even imagined red, hot flames darting here and there in the dark, and I smelled smoke—choking smoke. But of course that was all nonsense, and I soon decided that there were no flames and that the smoke was that of a cigar.

But what was a man doing in the hall of a girl's school about three o'clock in the morning? Had one of the girls been dating? No, of course not! What impossible thoughts flashed through my mind. Perhaps the man was a thief coming to steal in the night. My heart began to skip a few beats. I could not sleep.

Ah, some one was coming down the stairs. "Creak, creak," and then crunch, crunch. The door closed once more.

The girl was coming back. I was afraid. It was cold, and I hated to get my bed socks dirty but my curiosity had to be satisfied. So I got out of bed, hurriedly opened the door, and peered out. The dim hall light showed me that no one was there.

Then "Creak! Creak!" I took a flying leap into bed.

"Max, oh Maxine!" I cried in a hoarse whisper.

She answered in a sleepy voice, "Well, what is it?"

"Oh, I'm scared. I've heard so many queer sounds. Listen!" I said, and just then the front door went "crunch!" and footsteps were heard on the stairs.

Maxine may have been the president of the House Committee, but she was even more scared than I, if that were possible. I could almost hear her teeth chatter. She tried to persuade me to get up again, but I was firmly rooted to my little bed.

Finally, when we heard the stairs squeak for the fortieth time, Max ventured forth in the darkness, holding a slipper in one hand and a dictionary in the other. She opened the door quietly, and there in the hall, she saw a white figure.

"What is it?" I asked, my voice shaking.

"I-I don't know," she whispered, "I think it is a ghost." She shut the door quickly and crept back into bed, trembling with fear. Suddenly there was a knock at our door. "Rap! Rap!" Max ducked under her covers and held her breath. I do not remember what I did, but soon the door opened softly and, in the moonlight, I saw a white figure. Was it a ghost? No, because the white figure began to speak.

It said softly, "One of the girls upstairs is ill. Would you please go to Miss Porter's room and put in a call for the hospital at Clinton?"

I heaved a sigh of relief, and Maxine slowly emerged from the bed covers. Our ghost was just the school nurse, and our burglar was the town doctor.

WHAT A NIGHT!

Madge Hinshaw, College '26.

Organ Music

Organ music—what is there about it which makes it so subtly and intangibly different from other music? Why is its appeal so broad and powerful? Frankly I do not know. I cannot understand the strength of that something which grips my very soul when I hear the golden sustained notes pour forth. Perhaps it is because the organ is a whole orchestra in itself—because in this assimilation of all instruments the bad qualities of each are smoothed over and the good ones emphasized and blended into one wonderful, melodious instrument.

The thoughts which come to me and struggle so turbulently for an outlet when I hear organ music are not always the same. In church when the organist solemnly begins to play the Doxology I feel inspired to good and noble deeds; I feel far away from the mundane things of everyday life. Far different is this, however, from the feeling of limitless joy and happiness I experience when listening to the organ music which accompanies a good movie. But when I am alone with my thoughts, when everything is quiet, to listen to the record of some famous organist makes me inexpressibly sad. At the same time, however, a certain calmness steals over me to soothe me and tries to hold back the tears which are so perilously near to being shed.

Still, I wonder if there is an essential difference in organ music itself. I wonder if it is not just the difference in environment which

changes my mood so much when I hear it in these different places. The very construction of the instrument makes it impossible for anything but the broad, sustained legato effects to be obtained. Perhaps—but why try to delve into the sources of our pleasures; I believe that it is the very mystery, the indecision in my own mind, that makes the music of the organ such a pleasure for me. After all does not mystery add a charm?

Jessie Brown, College '26.

Death

You are gone, and there is nothing
Left of life nor love nor joy;
All I have is empty, futile,
Useless as a broken toy.

Mine is not that bitter-sweet
Philosophic view of death;
You are gone, there is no pretence;
Death is not a friend—but—Death.

How can I murmur sickly words,
False sentiments and cloying lies
Of the gentle peace of death;
I—who am robbed of all I prized?

You are gone and there is nothing
Left but pain and tearing grief,
And I who hated death with passion
Now in death would find relief.

This is not right, for it is all
As God intended—this I know;
But, pity me, for I am human.
Oh, and God, I loved him so!

Ann Pearsall, College '26.

A Melody

The poet sat, and as he gazed
Out o'er the busy street,
The drifting tones of a melody
Came to him, clear and sweet.

At first the theme was soft and low
With a mellow, tranquil air,
Like the south wind passing over the field
And ruffling the poppies there.

And then a thrill so brilliant
Of a light and lilting strain,
Like the laughter of joyful children
Or the pattering of the rain.

And, as the poet sat and thought,
It seemed to him to be,
That all our lives are so much like
That simple melody.

Our lives go on in their quiet way
Like the theme so soft and low,
With now and then a trill so bright
To cheer us as we go.

The song could not be all one trill,
Nor yet all soft and dull.
Each needs the other one to make
The piece so beautiful.

Ruth Touzalin, Academy '25.

Love

I love to walk when skies are gray,
And the rain is beating in my face;
On windy days, I love the bay,
With waters wrinkled like fine lace.
I love to feel the breath of Spring,
When fragrant blossoms fill the air,
But more than all of these I love
The sunlight on your hair.

In early morn I love to bathe
In the icy sea—when every wave
Is a towering mountain of aquamarine,
Rubies, sapphires, and emeralds green,
And the treacherous current makes one fear
The cruel fate of a watery bier;
But more than this, my dear,
I love your smile.

Genevieve Pfleeger, Academy '25.



If Winter Comes

"In the spring a young girl's fancy lightly turns to"—yes, love. But more than this: hopes, aspirations, plans, happiness, and the pure joy of being alive springs anew.

Bubbling enthusiasm and new clothes fill the campus. The birds are back, and it is whispered that promises of flowers can be seen by the careful observer. At any rate, small boys are playing with marbles, and we have heard it said that small girls and girls not so small play jacks and ball, so there is no doubt that spring is here.

Spring is the old proverbial house-cleaning time, and the winds of March were made to sweep the earth clean, while the showers of April scrub the earth until it glows, preparing for festively gowned May and June.

Spring is the time to sweep musty notions from our minds, and with a clear steady outlook to grasp life and work firmly, and get all from it that we can. This time is even a more logical season than January first to change the courses of our lives into better pathways. Let our love be a love of right thinking; our hope be a hope for a broader life; our aspiration an aspiration for that which is higher; our plan a plan of service; our happiness a happiness in the joy of others; and our joy in life a reward for our own endeavor.

Courtesy

The title sounds like a lecture. Perhaps this article will be a lecture before it is finished. On second thought, it ought to be a lecture.

Courtesy is not and should not be a drudgery. It is just doing the kindest things in the kindest way, and there are few who will not admit that performing kindnesses is a source of real personal pleasure.

causes a warm glow to spring up in the heart of the recipient, which kindles a responding glow in the heart of the donor, and the whole world changes from gray to rose.

Courtesy is a matter of habit. Any student of psychology can tell you what a habit is. Suffice it to say that a habit is an "acquired mode of response," and is "quick response to stimuli," and that while "consciousness is necessary to establish a habit, after an act has become habitual consciousness often drops out."

From these three points, conclusions may be drawn. First, if one is not naturally courteous he may become so. Second, the way to acquire the habit is practice. Third, the reward will come when one finds that automatically he is doing the kindly thing and leaving a trail of happiness behind.



Basket Ball Games

The annual basket ball games, played on March 17 between College first and second teams and the Academy teams, were won by College, with final scores of 21-11 and 17-11. Both sides showed splendid team-work, and more than once the outcome was in doubt. One side would pile up a score, then the other side would gradually work up until the score was tied. The playing was fast and clean. Everybody did her part and did it well.

The line-up for the first teams was as follows:

College
D. J. Parker
B. Wade
A. Keighin
M. Preble
G. Harrison
M. Clendenen
J. Miller
D. Dawson
D. Charlton

Position
Forward (center)
Jumping center
Guard
Guard
Guard
Forward
Forward
Forward
Forward

College
First team
Second team
Academy
First team
Second team

Captains
D. Charlton
R. Smith
Captains
G. Thompson
J. O'Boyle

Academy
J. Williams
S. Perry
G. Williams
H. Kay
A. Donovan
R. Touzalin
K. Steinaker
G. Thompson
D. Taft

Managers
L. Bowman
J. Brown
Managers
H. Cavanaugh
G. Pfleeger

The line-up for the second teams was as follows:

College
E. Klein

Position
Forward
Center

Academy
K. Tyrrel
M. Polacheck

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R. Smith	Center	J. Trimble
L. Storey	Guard	H. Bowe
E. Hoge	Guard	L. Branch
M. Brown	Forward	H. Deutsch
	Forward	M. Hessler
A. Pearsall	Forward	J. McCloy
	Forward	G. Fenske
E. Hylander	Forward	K. Tyrrell
		J. O'Boyle

News

Honor Roll

First Semester 1924-'25, February 25, 1925

First Honor Roll—85 or above in each scholastic subject.

Bernice Markowitz	92.833
Zola Girdley	92.75
Mary Todd	91.833
Jeannette Butler	91.625
Jessie Brown	91.375
Muriel Preble	90.875
Esther Cavan	90.25
Annette Huntley	89.625
Eloise Stage	88.25
Kathryn Tyrrell	87.125
Gertrude Fenske	87.

Second Honor Roll—Average of 85 or above in all scholastic subjects.

Alice Keighin	89.5
Genevieve Pfleeger	89.375
Dorothy Slick	89.25
Mary Kinney	88.25
Frances Guylee	87.833
Gene Harrison	87.75
Bernice Williams	87.375
Maurine Bogert	86.6
Clara Green	87.25
Verne Davis	86.875
Mildred Clendenen	86.875
Ruth Bowman	86.75
Ruth Touzalin	86.5
Elizabeth Sanders	86.125
Janet Miller	85.625
Martha Chapman	85.5
Isabel Ingram	85.5
Anne Donovan	85.375
Ruth Williams	85.333
Isabel Harris	85.25
Elizabeth Brayton	85.
Harriet Deutsch	85.
Dorothy Taft	85.

Sharlow Recital

Myrna Sharlow of the Chicago Opera Association was heard in recital Wednesday evening, March 14, in Metcalf Hall. There was much that was charming, interesting, and compelling, which she brought in the way of herself, her delivery and interpretations. Her resonant voice, command of range, fine diction, and artistic sense were evident in a program unhackneyed and attractive, neither too severe nor too light. It included several arias, some lovely modern things, and a group of delightful folk songs.

Mr. Granville English, not unknown to Frances Shimer audiences, played very finished accompaniments, adapting himself admirably to every mood of the singer. He also contributed a group of piano solos, which had great interest for the audience and aroused much enthusiasm. The group included a Valse Coquette, an effective novelty of his own composing, and the B Flat Minor Scherzo of Chopin. Lizts' "Dream of Love" was added in response to insistent demands for an encore.

Student Recital

Song of the Ploughman	-----	Bachmann
Solfeggietto	-----	Bach
	Margaret Hessler	
Scotch Poem	-----	Mac Dowell
	Jean Medsker	
Slave Song	-----	Del Riego
Go Not, Happy Day	-----	Bridge
	Isabel Lewis	
The Shepherd's Pipe	-----	Lemont
	Wanda Hower	
Waltzing Doll	-----	Poldini
	Vernette White	
Shepherd and Shepherdess	-----	Godard
	Evelyn Wood	
Spinning Song	-----	Mendelssohn
	Dolores Charlton	
The Little Shepherd's Song	-----	Edwards
Take Joy Home	-----	Bassett
	Grace Johnston	
Bourree (From the 2nd Violin Sonata)	-----	Bach
	Beth Fuller	
Danse Negre	-----	Cyril Scott
	Genevieve Pfleeger	
By the Sea	-----	Schubert-Stoye
	Therese Lemerrier	
I Send My Heart Up to Thee	} -----	Protheroe
The Year's at the Spring		
	Gertrude Fenske	
The Jester (For two pianos)	-----	Carl Beecher
	Harriet Snyder	
	Elizabeth Schuster	
Prelude Militaire	-----	Rachmaninoff
	Ruth Touzalin	
	Elizabeth Schuster	
The Swallows, Mexican Folk Song,	-----	arr. by La Forge
The Crystal Gazer	-----	Kramer

The Danza

Grace Coleman

Chadwick

Vespers

January 18. For Vespers this evening Miss Allyn played several delightful selections for us. Miss Allyn's playing, as it always does, found an eager and attentive audience.

January 25. Miss Fox had charge of Vespers tonight. We were greatly pleased when she announced that she would read parts of "The Maker of Dreams" to supplement her very interesting talk on "The Little Theatre." The play was lovely and we would have had added pleasure if she had read more of it.

February 1. "Character-building" was the subject of Dean McKee's talk tonight. It was the kind of a talk that we all need, and I think we all profited by it.

February 8. Miss Fortna talked this evening about missionary work. She gave us a very interesting account of certain men and women, working in India.

February 15. The Y. W. C. A. had charge of Vespers tonight, and Miss Hay, who is a well known speaker, talked. Miss Hay was director of the American Red Cross Unit in Russia during the war, and had many interesting things to tell of her experiences there.

February 22. Miss Wallace told us that she was going to talk tonight, but she very pleasantly surprised us by singing instead. Some of the songs we enjoyed particularly were "Wynken, Blynken, and Nod" and "There are Fairies in our Garden."

March 1. Doctor Bruce Kinney, who has for several years worked among the Indians as a Baptist missionary, talked to us this evening about his friends, "the Indians." He also had a number of slides which were very interesting.

March 8. "The Dean is going to read Riley tonight" was the word that was passed among the girls this evening before Vespers. Those of us who had heard him last year looked forward to it with the greatest pleasure, and it is impossible to express how much we enjoyed it.

Saturday Nights

The beginning of the New Year is a good time to make resolutions, so they tell me. Well, I made one, and this is what I've resolved to do while I'm at F. S. S. I'm going to keep a diary of what we do every Saturday night, because we always have such good times, and I like to think about them afterwards.

Maybe other Shimerites like to think about these good times, too, so I'm tucking in my diary of Saturday nights, as far as it goes.

January 10—

Almost as soon as we were back from Christmas vacation, we heard rumors of tonight's lark. The Athletic Association took charge of a real, old-fashioned bob-party. Six big bobs came for us and we went for a long ride out into the country. It was a great night for such a party, clear and cold, and we sang and told stories until our voices were tired.

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On the way home one load had a real thrill; their sled tipped over, but no one was hurt. When we got back, everyone gathered in the gym to eat "hot dogs" and drink cocoa. Some of the girls put on impromptu stunts and then we are danced until 9:30. I had a dandy time, and I think every one else had too.

January 17—

Barn dance tonight! It surely was fun. Real "barny"-fied, with straw and corn in the corners of the gym and harness hanging around the walls. The granaary was a popular place all the evening. They didn't feed us hay, either. All the country lads and lassies had a hilarious time, and, when the "Romance of Little Nell" was put on, everyone declared that she would not have missed it for anything.

January 24—

We had a movie in Metcalf tonight. "Mighty Lak a Rose." It was so pathetic that a lot of us shed real tears for the poor little heroine. Everyone waited impatiently for each succeeding reel and I guess nearly all were happy over the conclusion.

January 31—

Faculty Night!!! I might add exclamation points indefinitely for I cannot over-emphasize this night. It will always stand out as one of the cleverest entertainments I have ever seen. Faculty invited the student body to meet in Metcalf. We did. We were all there. First they gave a one act play, "Close That Book". I dare not start to describe it or I shall never get to bed tonight for it was great. From Grandmother to the "would-be Gypsy" sweetheart the entire cast starred.

Miss Darrow and her gym class surely upset what gravity we had left with their "Upsetting Exercises", and the treatment of "Dr. I'm Afraid" for those-who-would-be stout and those-who-would-be thin was another subtle bit of faculty humor which was not lost on us. But I think the climax came when we "saw ourselves as others see us" in "Who's Who". All the notables of the campus paraded before us and passed in review in the recessional. I shall never forget it.

Examinations were entirely forgotten early in the evening but, when the faculty treated us still further, by inviting us over to College Hall to eat and dance, we all made up our minds that there never was another such faculty.

February 7—

We had just a nice party tonight over in College Hall. The Y. W. C. A. gave a Valentine party. We played around until some confusion warned us that a "special" was about to appear. Two little pages carried a huge Valentine frame into the ball-room and placed it in front of the sliding door. Another page opened the door to disclose living Valentines of every kind, from the ugly comic to the dainty old-fashioned one. The evening wound up with refreshments of little heart shaped cakes and punch. We are mundane creatures, I guess, but food always seems to add the final pleasing element.

February 14—

I wonder if every one enjoys plays as I do? I get a real thrill out

of every one. The Dramatic Club put on two one act plays tonight. The first one was "The Maker of Dreams". The stage was beautifully set and created a real atmosphere for the interpretation of the play. Madge Hinshaw played Pierrot and Martha Barnhart the charming Pierrette, while Violet Spealman acted the part of the manufacturer of dreams. Every part was well done and the whole left a vivid impression.

"Fourteen" was a decided contrast. Created about a dinner party given by a hostess who had a reputation to uphold, it presented opportunity for clever acting. Ruth Baron played the harassed hostess, and Beatrice Wade was her pretty and rather helpless daughter. Dorothy Ainlay made a splendid butler who attempted to carry out the many conflicting orders of the vociferous Mrs. Pringle.

February 21—

Great Day! First thing worthy of mention we had a whole half holiday, because, well—because George Washington was born February 22 (many years ago) and Frances Shimer celebrates with a half holiday, which we took on Saturday this year. Then second, there were lots of "old girls" here for the week-end. They came for the third reason—Senior Prom, and no one was sorry that she was here. The music was good, the floating balloons helped make one feel like dancing, and all in all, it was an evening to remember.

Another play! This time the College Sophomore put on a modern drama "He and She". I'm sure everyone liked it altho parts of it were very pathetic and lots of the girls (even some who weren't "F. S. S.-ites") shed tears over the plight of the family, in which "She" outshone "He" and neglected her young daughter for her art. It was a very interesting plot and one rather common in present day life, I imagine, but I think everyone was pleased when Ann decided to be just the wife and mother Tom secretly wished her to be instead of the stellar member of the family.

March 7—

"Rosita" starring Mary Pickford! Tonight we all stepped back to the time of Napoleon and watched the frivolities of that monarch of France. Perhaps I am unusual, but I liked the picture for the picture's sake and didn't care for the theme at all. I was well pleased with the outcome, however, for Napoleon's plan to permit the death of the husband of Rosita was calmly frustrated by his wife, and the picture ended with Rosita, the dancer of the streets, the happy wife of a noble Count.

The West Hall Party

Monday afternoon, February 23, the teachers of West Hall entertained the West Hall girls with a Lincoln-Washington party in the lounge. Miss Parker gave out miniature red hatchets, bearing either an "L" or a "W" determining whether we were to be on the Washington or Lincoln side. We went through the games with accompanying shouts of "Pep up, Washington" and "Come on, Lincoln". We ran races with obstinate clothespins, tried to keep straight faces in laughing games (without any success), dropped jumping beans into bottles, and floured our faces trying

to get cherries. The game which finally capped the climax was a suitcase race in which the heroine dashed up the aisle, a stocking about her neck and numerous sweaters tied around her waist, with a creature clad in old shoes, and a battered hat on one ear, following closely behind.

After this it was pleasant to sink into the soft cushions by the roaring fire and indulge in pink and white ice cream, cakes, and candy to the strains of "All Alone" from Miss Parker's victrola. You miss many wonderful things if you do not live in West Hall.

College "Soph" Notes

"Once again we as school mates assembled"—. We are attempting to solve the problem of presenting a new and different Prom—I wonder how many times these old walls have heard this "Well, let's have something different!" All of our brains are misty just at that time it seems, but watch, folks, and after the vacation lapse, we shall be able to execute some novel plans for the "big" Prom of the year.

In fact, I think we are going to be so busy from now on that our dry lunch cut may have to be omitted for this month. As yet, we have not used our privilege of going downtown to dinner and to entertainments either, but Spring makes a difference, you know—especially when we remember last spring's beautiful nights.

Graduation is not in the far distant future, and the list of events is already posted. Between the million and one preparations for that, and all of the other things that must be done before we can be classed as "sweet girl graduates", it would not require a prophet to predict a "whirl of worry" and a busy time for every "Soph". (We are glad Andy Gump is not here to make any comments).

College Freshman Notes

On Sunday evening, February 22, Miss Peters, our class counselor, and Miss Morrison entertained us after vespers in the College Hall parlors. It was, of course, a Washington's Birthday party. Each girl was told to bring an anecdote about Washington. Almost everyone had one, but it was strange how many wanted to tell about the cherry tree. After the girls had told their stories, cross-word puzzles in red, white, and blue were distributed, and every one worked on these until refreshments were served. Jeannette Butler and Mary Brearton finished their puzzles first and each was rewarded with a beautiful bouquet of red carnations. All of the college Freshmen want to thank Miss Peters and Miss Morrison for a very enjoyable evening.

The Freshman class held its first meeting of the New Year on February 3, 1925. Very interesting discussions were held about the distribution of the Christmas baskets. As there was no business to talk over, the meeting was adjourned.

Senior Notes

Since the last *Record* was published the Seniors have been walking away with honors, scholastic and otherwise, wherever honors were to be found. The class certainly is proud to have one of her members, Esther Cavan, rank highest in the Intelligence Tests.

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Saturday evening, February twenty-first, the class entertained at the most formal function of the year, the "Senior Ball". A profusion of balloons, soft hazy green ones and gloriously golden ones, festooned the ballroom. Throughout the evening punch and fancy cakes were served. "Nebby" was "out" for the occasion, and very perky he was with his saucy green and gold ribbons.

Every two weeks for the last few months the Seniors have had "after dinner coffee" on Sunday afternoons. The Seniors certainly enjoy the time together and wish we could indulge in this hour more frequently.

Again the Seniors are anticipating something, and this time it is the greatest pleasure of the year. Next week begins the six weeks' duration of Senior table! How every Senior's heart palpitates at the mere mention of those magical words. We know we're to enjoy that privilege more than any other class ever did.

Junior Notes

We Juniors entertained our counselor, Miss Seidel, at Katie's Monday noon, March second. We all enjoyed ourselves greatly, although I believe some of us were under the impression that, considering the rain and mud, a row-boat to convey us down there would not have been at all superfluous. However, the exercise and inclement weather only stimulated our appetites, and the luncheon seemed more delicious than usual.

Our class certainly is gaining in prominence in the field of athletics. Grace Thompson, one of our charter-members, has been chosen Captain of the Academy basket-ball team. We are also well represented in the team. Sports are not our only strong point, for we have several members on the honor roll.

Academy Sophomore Notes

"Day by day in every way" the Sophomore class is increasing in quantity as well as quality. The new semester brought us three new members, Irene Pagel, Myra Polacheck, and Ruth Sanborn. Aren't all you other classes jealous?

At the last meeting of the class on March 7, we decided that a meeting should be held on the first Tuesday of every month. Up to this time we have met irregularly. With this resolution and our new members, we are hoping that our pep and our "rep" will go still higher.

Of our class, Katherine Steinaker and Martha Chapman made the first Academy team in Basket-Ball, and Helen Bowe and Myra Polacheck made the second. We're all rooting for Academy!

Academy Freshman Notes

The four reasons why the Academy Freshmen have carried off the highest honors for new members are: Marguerite Johnson, Ethel Hansen, Mary Lou Zuttermeister, and Adelyn Lundberg. We are very thankful for these new additions.

We held a meeting on the eleventh of March to elect a vice-president and a secretary. The girls that now claim the offices are: Ethel Hansen, vice-president and Mary Lou Zuttermeister, secretary.

Bernice Markowitz, a member of our class, carried off scholastic honors for the first semester. She was head of the first honor roll with an average of 92.83.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. of F. S. S. has been having some very helpful meetings during the past month.

Feb. 25. Muriel Preble had charge of the meeting and her subject was "The Greatest Thing in the World."

Feb. 12. Miss Seidel led the discussion on the subject, "Character Building".

Feb. 19. Bee Wade talked on "Establishing a Charm School" and gave the girls some splendid ideas and suggestions for developing a charming personality.

Feb. 26. Janice Coshun spoke on "Getting Along" and each girl, present at this, as well as at all of the other meetings, received many helpful and valuable suggestions for making life more worth while.



The Traveler's Club

The Traveler's Club has been holding as interesting meetings as ever. Miss Wilson took us all through Spain in one evening. She then showed us a display of elegant Spanish laces and linens, and a Spanish comb and mantilla.

Mrs. McKee has consented to lead us through England, a journey which promises to be very interesting.

MacDowell Club

The MacDowell Club, which was re-organized last December, has been holding meetings every other Sunday evening in Miss Schuster's studio.

One of the members has charge of each meeting, and very interesting subjects pertaining to music have been discussed.

Scattered Family Notes

Cards have been received announcing the engagement of Kathrena Williams '20 to Mr. Paul Sherman Bauer of Lynn, Mass.

Ruth Stellhorn Mackensen '18 spent the summer doing research work in industrial relations for the Travelers' Insurance Company. This year she is studying in the School of Religious Pedagogy in Hartford, Conn.

Jeannette Patterson '18 is teaching in the High School at Dixon, Illinois.

Marjorie Graham '20 received her Master's degree in Education at the University of Iowa last June, and is at present teaching in Chicago.

Mr. and Mrs. John Kingsbury (Mabel Glass, '97-'99) of New York City, spent the summer in Europe. Mr. Kingsbury went as a delegate to the International Anti-Tuberculosis Conference held in Geneva, and later inspected the Serbia Relief work of which he was formerly director.

Bernice Clark, '04 and Chicago '15, is spending the year in graduate study at The University of Chicago.

Harriett Lee, formerly instructor in English at Frances Shimer, is now Director of Religious Education for the city Y. W. C. A. in Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Vera Mae Pooley '23 is spending the year at her home in Scales Mound.

Edna Kosher '23 is attending the University of Illinois.

Bertha Corbett '16, instructor in Domestic Science in the Mt. Carroll Township High School, is chairman for the Ninth District, comprising seven counties, for the All-State Vocational Home Economics Conference.

Elizabeth Percy Konrad, '14-'15, writes from Los Angeles that she and her family are spending a very happy winter in the orange country.

Beulah Bondy, '04-'07, is still a member of the Stuart Walker Company, in which she is doing excellent work. Julia Sword writes of seeing here in a recent appearance in Cincinnati.

Martha Evelyn Richardson, daughter of Lulu Rock Richardson, '91-'93, now stationed in Burma, writes that she is a Senior in the Morgan Park High School and is hoping later to be a student in Frances Shimer.

Marion Pullman '23 now is Mrs. Hanson, and is living in Sidney, Iowa.

Carolyn Green '14 is teaching in Aguadilla, Porto Rico. She writes, "It is a great experience, and I am enjoying every minute of it. We recently enjoyed a trip to the Virgin Islands."

Mary D. Miles '95 is doing graduate work in the Departments of Education and English in the University of Chicago.

Willo Coleman '23 was a week-end guest January 10-12, with friends at the School.

Margaret Middlekauf '13 has recently been admitted to the bar in New Mexico.

Caryl Cook, '11-'12, the "Peter Pan Girl", will return to Frances Shi-

mer on April 13 to read Barrie's charming story, "Peter Pan". She is now Mrs. Harry L. Macy, and she resides at Knoxville, Iowa.

Leota Blow, College '23, is teaching History in a Junior High School in Terril, Iowa. She and Marjorie Thompson, also College '23, plan to attend The University of Chicago next year. Leota writes of meeting Lucille Smith '22 and Wilma Willett, '21-'22, in Des Moines while attending the Iowa State Teachers' Convention.

Helen O'Boyle '24 entered Northwestern University in February.

In Vassar College a standard of 2 is required of Juniors. To secure a scholarship a student must have attained 2.11. Charlotte Hageman '22, who is a Junior in Vassar this year, had an average of 2.17 for the first semester.

Eleanor Smith, '23-'24, passed the examinations of the College Entrance Board, and is a Freshman at Smith College.

Faith Reichelt '21, who is a Senior at Northwestern University, spent a week-end with friends at the School. She plans to continue her work next year at St. Andrew's in Scotland.

Leona Pierson Smith '18 writes of the coming of a second little daughter, Juanita Elaine, to their home in Ithaca, New York, on January 16, 1924.

Mary Lohr '23 is a Senior at Des Moines University. She writes of meeting Lois Hibbs '21, who is attending Drake University in Des Moines. Virginia McConnell, College '23-'24, is also a student there.

Edna Asmus, College '18-'19, has announced her engagement to Mr. Howard Williams of Chicago. Mr. Williams is a brother of Bernice Williams, a present student at Frances Shimer.

Louise Featherstone '19 is a Senior at Smith College.

Charlotte Gower, '18-'19, is spending the year in Egypt and Asia Minor in the study of Archeology.

Libbie Phillipson '19 writes of visiting Paris, Milan, Florence, Venice, Vienna, Budapest, Berlin, Brussels, and the Italian and Swiss lakes during the summer. She writes, "Business is still occupying my time and attention."

Laura Barrett '23 is one of the assistant editors of the Stephens College Standard.

Kathleen Muir Stieglitz, '12-'13, completed her medical course at Rush Medical School in June, 1924, and is now serving her internship at the Good Samaritan Hospital in Portland, Oregon.

Mary Seaman '14 has recently removed from Mandan, North Dakota, to North Platte, Nebraska.

Esther Peterson, '20-'22, is teaching History in the High School at Clear Lake, Iowa.

Hazel Hayden Davies '11 writes that she and her family will soon move from St. Louis to California. Her daughter, Betty, five months old, "has already been told about the fine school she will attend in a few years."

Hattie Hathaway Hoffman, '76-'78, died at the home of her daughter,

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Mae Hoffman Potter, in Hermosa Beach, California, in March. Mrs. Hoffman belonged to a family whose daughters for three generations have been educated in Frances Shimer School. Irma Lambert of the present College Sophomore class, is a daughter of Eva Hathaway Lambert, and a great niece of Mary Hathaway Corbett '69.

Greetings came in February from Ivy Caldwell Goodman '11, in Havana, Cuba, where she was enjoying both the city and the climate.

Mildred Walker '21 is teaching English and Expression in the High School at Maquoketa, Iowa.

Joyce Gardner '17-'20, writes, "You would not know London these days. We have just emerged from three nights and two days of solid darkness; in other words, a London fog. It was weird to see people groping down the pavement hanging on to railings or lamp-posts. It is bewildering even in places with which one is ordinarily perfectly familiar."

Lillis Knappenberger, former instructor in Domestic Science, writes, "I am in Columbia this year taking work toward a Master's degree. Last fall I discovered that Pauline Tripp '18 lived just across the hall from me in Whittier Hall. You may be sure we had a Frances Shimer 'Don't you remember'. Pauline has just taken her Master's degree, but is staying for further graduate work this semester."

Melba Marshall '24 is now Mrs. Mark Henry, Jr., and resides in Chicago.

Miriam Sampson '13 writes of meeting Vivian Lowery Smith '14 and Edna Ialson '12 in California, and Vera Meneilley Bowman '13, Doris Leach Wiggins '13, and Miss Eleanor Brown in Minneapolis during her travels last summer.

Helen Smith '21 has a position with the Standard Oil Company in Hastings, Nebraska.

Hazel Rollins Allen '11 sends greetings from her new address, Walker, Arizona, where her home is one and one-half miles above sea level.

Elizabeth Miles, Expression '21, daughter of Grace Coleman Miles '85, has recently been awarded Phi Beta Kappa at Wellesley College, where she is a Senior.

Leah Durkee, College '21, was graduated at Knox College in 1923. At present she is at the University of Chicago doing work in preparation for a Master's degree. Other Frances Shimer graduates who are doing work toward higher degrees in the University of Chicago are Mary D. Miles '98, Bernice Clark '04, and Ruby Worner '17. The latter is just completing the work for her Ph. D. degree.

Alice Dean '24 visited over a week-end in February with friends at the School. She is spending the year at home in Bemidji, Minnesota, and teaching private classes in Art.

Mary Faison Dixon, a former instructor in History, writes, "I enjoyed my Y. W. C. A. work in France so much that I was glad to return to help a French friend start a French Students' Home in Paris. We take only two English-speaking students. In summer we take American students and tourists for a long or a short stay." Miss Dixon's address is 6 Rue Thibaud, Paris (14).

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Julia Brittain '12 is spending the year in Rome completing work for a Ph. D. degree in the department of Latin in Michigan University.

Rose Glass '99 is Dean of Women and Instructor in History in the Roosevelt High School in Seattle, Washington. She writes of crossing trails with many former Mt. Carroll girls in California last summer. Bess Blamere Turney '96, known professionally as Elizabeth Blamere, has won great success as a concert vocalist in Pasadena, where she resides. Miss Glass also visited Catherine Mastin Miller, '90-'94, who resides in Los Angeles. Earlier there had been a Frances Shimer reunion at the home of Louise Baker Ellis '95, at Laguna Beach. At Long Beach she saw Lute Fraser '01, who is on the editorial staff of a newspaper. In Los Angeles she found Martha Conrad Young, '97-'99, happy in the enjoyment of good health since her removal from the high altitude of Colorado where she had lived for so long.

Mabel Dougherty '14 sends greetings to all the F. S. S. family from the University of Southern California. She says that she has met the following Frances Shimer people on the campus: Mollie Womack Zastrow '18, Vivian Shumway '16, who has received an M. A. degree and is now working towards the Ph. D., and Marie Ruef Hofer '87, who was also there doing post-graduate work toward a Master's degree.

The *Record* extends sincere sympathy to Glee Hastings, '11-'12, and Ruth Hastings Wiese '15, in the loss of their father, who died early in March at the family home in Spencer, Iowa.

Elaine Fisher '24, Florence Rice '24, and Julia Jung '24, are at the University of Chicago this year.

Lucille Smith '22, writes, "I graduated from Iowa last June and I am teaching History in the High School at Rolfe this year. I like Rolfe and am trying to make Rolfe like me. I am so very grateful for the two years I had at Frances Shimer; no other two years could ever have meant so much."

Priscilla Stohr Shipp '20, who has been engaged in Y. W. C. A. work in San Jose, California, and her husband Frederick T. Shipp, who has been Educational Director of Y. M. C. A. work in the same city, sailed on the Admiral liner, "President Jefferson" on April 9 from Seattle, Washington, for Korea, as representatives of the National Council of the Y. M. C. A. under its Foreign Department. They will spend two months in travel in Japan, China, and the Philippines. They will settle for a period of language study in Seoul, the capital of Korea, and later will be located at Pyeng Yang, 150 miles north of Seoul, to carry on a community type of "Y" work. Their address will be in the care of Y. M. C. A., Outside West Gate, Seoul, Korea.

Shirley Deen '23 has a secretarial position in Los Angeles and lives in Huntington Park. She writes of visiting Beulah Goble Bookless '22 in Orange City. She frequently sees Margaret Graham, '22-'23, who is attending the Southern Branch of the University of California.

News of the marriage of Constance Sargent '15 to Mr. Henry Courtney Fenn in Peking, China, has been received. The wedding took place at

Yenching College, in a building now occupied by the college, but once a ducal palace and used by the members of the Chinese Imperial family, even before the discovery of America. The ceremony was performed by Dr. Courtney Fenn, father of the groom, a member of the Presbyterian Mission. Both Mr. and Mrs. Fenn are members of the Yenching College faculty. Their future address will be Presbyterian Mission, Compound, Peking, China.

Dora Knight Harris, since the death of her husband, Dr. Harris, in October, has returned to the teaching profession, and is head of the Department of Music in Fairmont School for Girls in Washington, D. C.

Marriages

Constance Latimer Sargent '15 to Mr. Henry Courtney Fenn, on January 27, 1925, in Peking, China. At home, after February 15, at 50 Ku Lou Hsi, Peking, China.

Jeannette Mautner '19 to Mr. Lawrence Lieber, on February 19, 1925, Chicago, Illinois.

Marie Louise Solsted, '22-'23, to Mr. Donald Kail Kempton, on January 1, 1925, at Fresno, California. At home after February 1, at "Figgarden," Fresno.

Margaret Louise Dimick, '23-'24, to Mr. Albert LeRoy Jenks, on December 14, 1924, at Dixon, Illinois.

Hazel Pooley, '15-'16, to Mr. Kenneth C. Zeigle, on June 21, 1924, at Scales Mound, Illinois. At home in Aurora, Illinois.

Births

To Lieutenant and Mrs. Paul H. Mahoney (Julia Schaale '09), a son, James Paul, on January 27, 1925, in Honolulu, Hawaii.

To Mr. and Mrs. Stuart B. Damon (Margaret McKee '19), a daughter, Barbara McKee, on January 30, 1925, at Springfield, Mass.

To Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown (Helen Carr '21-'22), a daughter, Eleanor Loraine, January 23, 1925, at Manchester, Iowa.

To Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hansen (Dorothy Sipes '16-'20), a son, Robert Sipes, on February 28, 1925, at Mt. Carroll, Illinois.

To Mr. and Mrs. Albert C. Canty (Portia Thayer '21-'22), a son, Albert Clayton, Jr., on February 12, 1925, at Rockford, Illinois.

Exchanges

The Frances Shimer *Record* wishes to acknowledge the following exchanges: "The Jabberwock," "The Recorder," "Mary Baldwin Miscellany," "Standford Illustrated Review," "The Purple Parrot," and "The Edison Spotlight" (Long Beach, Cal., Junior High School).

Novelty Shop

Uncle Ben—An' here's a picture of Cousin Henry when he was in Japan with one o' them Jinrieyshaws.

Aunt Em—Gracious! To think that child never touched one of them fancy drinks when he was t' home.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

II
Our idea of a dumb-bell is the sap who tried to start the cuckoo clock by putting in bird seed.

III
Izzy—Do you know that there are Hebrews up in the North Pole?
Sunny—Who told you?
Izzy—Well, who is this fellow Iceberg they're always talking about?

IV
Miss Pollard—Do you know Poe's "Raven"?
H. Meyers—What's he mad about?

V
Lill—I fell last night and struck my head on the piano.
Miss Allyn—Did you hurt yourself?
Lill—No, luckily I hit the soft pedal.

VI
Absent minded professor (falling down elevator shaft)—"Dear me, I forgot to close the door after me!"

VII
The gum chewing girl
And the cud chewing cow
Are somewhat alike
Yet different somehow.

What difference?

Oh, yes. I see it now.
It's the thoughtful look
On the face of the cow.

VIII—EXPLICIT INSTRUCTIONS.

Crack me, I'm a nut.
Catch me, I'm a cold.
Soak me, I'm a sponge.
Slam me, I'm a door.
Scratch me, I'm a match.
Hang me, I'm a curtain.
And so I died.

IX
Verne—Oh, Mrs. Sweatt, I forgot to ask you about that eye medicine you gave me.

Mrs. Sweat—Well?

Verne—Do I drop it in my eye before or after meals?

X—PERFECTLY REASONABLE.

Hic, Shay, just had my watch fixshed and 'still wrong.
Haec—Well, whosh a matter wi' it?

Hic—Look, ish pointing to noon and 'ish midnight now.

XI

Miss Willson—I'll give you just one day to hand that paper in.

Mercedes Brown—All right, how about the fourth of July?

XII

Sophy (looking thoughtfully at Jane)—“Oh, a laugh for every freckle on your face.”

Jane (sympathetically)—“There, there, dear, don't go into hysterics.”

XIII—FACULTY.

F avored in the dining room.

A llowed all privileges.

C atch no diseases.

U nexcelled ever.

L ive in luxury.

T ake life easy.

Y et rule persistently.

XIV

Mrs. Tingley—“What's the matter, class? These questions are easy.”

Dorto—“It isn't the questions that are bothering me—it's the answers.”

XV

Jane O'Boyle—How long did it take you to learn how to roller skate?

Baron—Oh, about a dozen sittings.

XVI—OUR HEROINE OF THE WEEK.

Miss Morrison—“You are to go out for dinner with this young man and need not return for Vespers, if you don't care to.”

She—“Must I?”

XVII—PROVERBS REVISED.

The pen is mightier than the powder puff—in school.

It's a wise girl who knows her own clothes.

The more the merrier at—Study Hall.

It's an ill wind—that blows nobody a “Please See Me”.

Absence makes the homework harder.

She who laughs last is sweet and simple.

If silence is golden, quiet hour is brass.

Girls' galoshes flap together.

Too many sundaes spoil the complexion.

JUST A POEM.

To write a poem was my intent,
By fitting meter, feet and rhyme,
And many hours I have spent;
Alas! 'twas but a waste of time.

"A beautiful thought," the teacher said,
"Expressed in beautiful words."
But tho Milton, Scott and Poe I've read,
The lines I write are absurd.

I gaze at the robin out in the snow,
So pretty and blithe is he.
But tho his breast has a cheery glow,
Only think how cold he must be!

I watch the stars up in the sky,
But I get no inspiration.
The only vision before my eye,
Is a thought of my spring vacation.

—H. Kay, Academy '25.

APOLOGIES TO MILTON.

When we consider how far this year has flown
In this dear school that we all love so well,
In which our joys are more than we can tell,
And where our knowledge wider far has grown.
E'en tho our days we sometimes do bemoan,
And often hate to hear that fatal bell,
That penetrates the walls of our cold cell,
Which at six-thirty has an awful tone;
In future years our sorrows we'll forget
And remember only pleasures we have had,
The good times we have spent with our best friends,
The exciting games when College we have met
In basketball or on the hockey field,
And thrills of victory to our hearts were sent.

—G. Clemens, Academy '25.

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